# HEARD AND SEEN : A Column FROM and FOR Everybody : By BILL PRICE

The National Daily

WELCOME-NEW CONTRIBS.

We extend to you a welcome, And we greet you every one; We hope your stay in the column Will be a pleasant one.

We have gathered here together
From the East and from the
West,
A jolly bunch of members

And you can guess the rest. We meet you and we greet you, This beautiful summer day, With warm and hearty handclasp, And a smile that's here to stay. We are glad to have you with us

And we'll just say right here
That your bright and happy
thoughts
Will give us still more cheer. EVELYN LOEFFLER.

eral fellow-passengers who asked in chorus: "Where did you get that

eye, old man?"
"That? That's a berth-mark,"

Birth-mark be blowed! It is a

'I tell you it's a berth-mark,"

Then they gathered around him,

"Well, it happened this ways,

and in one voice shouted: "Birth-mark? We don't think!"

boys. I tried to get into the wrong berth last night!"

LEARNING TO DANCE,

many signs of dancing taught, but

modern dancing teachers know the

"One, two, three, balance like me;

Your right foot is lazy, your left

OVER THE SWEETS.

got a lovely parchment diploma at the cookery class today. And now

I've cooked you this pudding as a

surprise. Can you guess what it

Mr. T. (sampling pudding)—I—er suppose you haven't made a mis-

take and-er-cooked the diploma,

EPITAPHICALLY.

while roaming over the Arkan-

sas hill country a subscriber saw

"Here lies the dust of Gabriel Trude,

When living he was always stewed,

But now he's being roasted."

called to the waiter:

Of whom this section once boasted;

Billy Beard wandered into a

Southern restaurant and ordered

half a chicken. After waiting

patiently for forty minutes he

How about that half

this epitaph:

by any chance? GERTRUDE.

Mrs. Tyro-Do you know that I

But don't be uneasy, I'll learn

TWO-STEP TOM.

You are a fairy but you have

lines of that jolly old song:

one is crazy,

you to waltz."

As we go through town we see

he retorted with emphasis.

he replied.

black eye!"

The helping hand never points • the finger of scorn. A BERTH MARK.

seared.

It was on a steamer, and when he came up on deck in the early morning he was accosted by sev-

Never ridicule the imperfections you discover in others. They can-not help being imperfect any more than you can. The ladder of success is an ex-

MENTAL VITAMINES.

Today is that tomorrow when

The biggest mistake we can ever

make is to believe that we can make none.

If everybody were more sincere this old world would be less sin-

Sophistication is a fine art, but a poor substitute for common

you were going to do it.

tension ladder.

When going from bad to worse, "better late than never" is a poor motto. Rainstorms have caused not

nearly so much affliction as brain-The past that is behind a man at forty is the future that was be-

fore him at twenty.
FRED SCHWAB.

MARRIAGE AND CHILDREN.

Some funny things happen in life,
And you notice them on every
side.
There's one to me that's a scream,
It almost splits my side. we'll bet that few, if any, of these

I refer to frequent advice on marriage Given by bachciors and old maids. Who think they know all about They can give you cards and

And in the raising of children, Oh! boy they surely know it all. They tell you how it should be done, And are sore if for it you don't fall.

There isn't an old maid living
Who can't tell you what she
would do
If she had charge of your children,
Your way is all wrong—yes, you's
AUNT MARTHA.

LIFE'S MYSTERIES.

A cynic once said: "Life is but bubble, floating a moment upon the waves of uncertainty and then sinking into nothingness." An Arkansas paper says that

Why is it, I wonder, that the high and glorious aspirations and ideals that leap from the temple of man's heart are so often des-tined to wander about unsatisfied?

If I was a wild, wild wave,
Disporting upon the beach,
I'd make it mighty salty
For some flapper peach,
WILLIE.

Daughter - Father, you don't seem to like Alec. Father—Well, Doris, I'm willing

chicken I ordered half an hour ago."
Waiter, with an air of surprise, to discount the slight discoloration of his upper lip, which I take to be says:
"I was just waiting for somemustache, the kind of clothes he wears, his racing car and his suede one to order the other half, for shoes, but if he ever addresses me as 'old thing' I'm going to hit fool knows you can't kill no

THE MAN WHO IS The failures in life who would find themselves must first find the faith they have lost in themselves.

Why should a poor tramp know any why should a poor trainp know and concern when mines and railroads are wrecked.

With not a black diamond this winter to burn,

If strikers to stay out elect?

Inmune from dangers of travel is he whose shoe is his safety device, and a Pullman would a comedy be For the man who is minus the price.

Champagne and Chartreuse are never for him Whose stomach is empty so oft, And for a near-beer his chances are

whose cares are so readily deffed.

He begs his tobacco and even his eats.

In summer he uses no lee,

And nobody mentions the former feats

Of the man who is minus the price.

Ambitious was he his country to serve,
Having shown his worth over seas.
And, if sent to Congress, never would
swerve
From duty, the voter to please.
Election he sought, and said he would
bend

His back to eradicate wrong and But whoever would to Washington The man who is minus the price. WADE WELLER.

THE FOOLISHEST THING. "Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm?" asked the hardware clerk as he wrapped up the nails. "They're cheap now, can sell you a first class one for

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow." replied the farmer. 'But think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you would look riding "O, I don't know," said the farmer stroking his chin, "no more

foolish, I guess, than I would milking a bicycle." — Chicago

LOOKING AHEAD.

I care to be no wonder
At the ballad framing art,
I've had no wish to plunder
All the poems to get a start.

My goal is not in writing,
For the critics to assail,
No use to aim at fighting—
Even bards will land in jail. But yet, ambition thrills me

To excel in just one thing,
And that, you must agree,
Would be more than being king.
Now all I seek to gather
In this column Heard & Seen,
Is not a fortune, rather,
Just a mite, suppose I mean?

I know that competition
Which is offered every night,
Won't help my supposition
I will win the first, all right. But I have much to cheer me,

When in print some lines appear, Like mine, alas, it can't be That a prize could win this year. JAY GOOL

WHEN PHILOSOPHERS DEFFER.

Bert Moses tells us that the way to increase our happiness is to reduce our wants. Now, beg-ging Bert's pardon, I think he is all wrong there. The man who wants for nothing at all is in want of wanting something in order to be really happy, for not to want anything whatever is to live in boredom. Happiness lies not so much in having as in getting, and, therefore, always be trying for and acquir ing some new thing, be it physical or spiritual, that

## MINUS THE PRICE. Who Remembers? - - By Dick Mansfield Book word Puzzlers.



One fowl is a goose, but two are called geese, But the plural of meuse should never be messe.

If the plural of man is always called Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The' we may have a tooth, a set is called teeth. called teeth.

The plural of both can never be called beeth.

The plural of cow may be cows or kine.

But the plural of vow is vows, never If the singular's this and the plural is Why cannot the plural of kies be called kese?

Your hat in the plural is hats, not hose; Altho' one would be that and three would be those; We speak of a fost and more are called feet, If you ask for a boot, would a pair be called best?

We speak of a brother and also of Though we may say mother, we never say methren;
The macculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine—she, shis and shim. LOTTA TIMES.

Little Jack Kellar went to the cellar To make himself some home brew.

A revenue officer peoped in the window. window, And Jackie just naturally flew, A. NUTHERNUTT.

GOT THE LAUGH ON HIM.

The Kansas election laws, like those of other States since women have come to vote, do not empel a woman to swear to her exact age. In the recent Kansas primary one woman, known to be over 60 years of age, went to the pools, and the smart clerk solemnly asked, "What is your

"I'm over 21," she told him, "but I wear 16-year-old clothes." She was within the law in saying she was over 21 years old.

SELLING REAL ESTATE Sign on country property, as seen by "RUTH:"

RARE BARGAIN

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.
Thousands of automobiles pass this property every day, making it an ideal location for

a doctor. HOME IN HOT WEATHER.

"This is the hottest town on earth," You'll often hear a guy spout. "I'm going down to the seashore And get myself cooled out." And so he sets out with lots of dough, Sure that solid comfort he'll enjoy; That sea breezes will cool him off And make him a brand new boy.

His room is small, the grub is poor, Mosquitoes in millions roam, Then he starts to thinking of the Comforts of home, sweet home. PETER PIPER.

DIPLOMACY.

The week-end quest in the summer cottage opened the frail door and found his hostess "Beg your pardon, sir," he said,

A HEART PROBLEM.

Dear Mr. Bill: You must excuse me for addressing you this letter instead of sending it to the ladies who answer the love problems in the daily papers. Somehow old H and S is mighty dear to all of us young folks and we turn to it not only for advice but for happiness and sunshing.

and sunshine.

Like all girls who read your column and have problems that perplex them, I have one. It is this: A young man who comes to see me gets angry because I won't permit him to put his arm around me. I must say I like him very much, but he has not asked me to marry him, and I do not think I should permit him this privilega. What do you think?

BROWN EYES.

BROWN EYES. Dear Brown Eyes: Hugging is

one of the leading indoor sports of the world. There are some young men who think their arms are not made for anything else. It is an exercise that does not require a course in a correspondence school. Yet if I was the owner of a trim little waist the man who put his arm around it regularly have to be engaged to me and I would have to be sure that he was sincere. I wouldn't let him act, either, as if he felt sure he had an outright deed to me. Girls should respect and value themselves if they want the boys to respect and value them. The girl who makes herself cheap, and lets a boy act just as he pleases around her, will regret it some day. Your waist is no hitching post to let a guy tie up to.

MAN'S TROUBLES

ON THIS EARTH. When man first comes into this world everybody wants to kiss him. Before he goes out, everybody wants to kick him. He comes in without his consent

and goes out aginst his will. When in infancy he is an angel, in his boyhod he is a devil, and in his manhod he is everything from a lizard up.

If he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a check he is a thief.

If he is poor, he has no sense; if rich, he is dishonest.

If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away, he is a sinner; if he donates to foreign missions, de does it for show; if he doesn't, he is stingy and and tight-

If he dies young, there is a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age, he is living to save funeral expenses. CUPIE.

Women is the etinging vine, That's a fine poetic line And no joke.

But the real life we view
Plays queer tricks.
Many vines are winging to
Awful sticks.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PALINDROME KID. Sure Elbert Treble is a foxy guy, And Elbert Treble has a foxy

Matters not whether coming or Backward or forward it spells the same.

HANK HAWKINS

## THE FAMILY ALBUM

HAT'S Uncle Jasper on his high-wheeled bicycle. It was taken around 1890 and paid for in 1902. It was built for two so that Uncle could leave his wife home gnashing her false teeth in artificial rage. It broke down so much that Uncle spent all he could borrow, beg or mooch in repairs.

Uncle said that bicycle was built for two, all right. For two min-

He owed the renairman eight dollars and sixty cents. So he wouldn't allow Uncle to take the

bike out for a Sunday holiday until Uncle had a bright financial idea. He promised the repair man the eight dollars and gave him his I. O. U. for the sixty cents.

months, and in about two years Uncle started to worry. He was a very sensitive man about his debts and his word was as good as his syllables. It was a common proverb around our village that Uncle would pay a debt if it took

Pretty soon, the repair man

came running up to Uncle, who happened to misjudge his street. You know, Uncle owed so many people on so many streets that he used to promenade only in alleys. The repairman ran up to Uncle The I. O. U. was due in three and started to shake hands with Uncle's whiskers.

> Uncle was quick at riddles and was famous for switching the hostility into different channels.

father's mustache," said the bi-

"You're looking good," he said to the repair man. "Yes, I shaved off my grandcycle fixer with a jerk at Uncle's whiskers that savored strangely of sarcasm.

Not to be outdone in gentlemanly witticisms, Uncle put a permanent wave in the bike professor's shins with his hobnailed carpet slippers.

"Give me the sixty cents," hollered the bike fellow to nobody's astonishment.

"You got my I. O. U., ain't you?" asked Uncle in a sweet voice that made four tugboats change their course and hang out green lights.

"That ain't no I. O. U. That's I. O. Useless," said the bike man in a voice that suggested a forcible graduation from the school of elocution and parlor manners.

"It's as good as your repairs," spoke up Uncle in a lumber-sawing tenor. "Patches are patches," said the

bike man. "All right, I'll pay you off in

crazy quilts," said Uncle, who was so frightened he wished he had one to hide under. Uncle scared very easy, and those scars on his toupee are when he was out in a tried to pull a barbed-wire fence over his head like a sheet. Well, the hob-nob of it all was

that Uncle gave him two thirtycent I. O. U.'s for the sixty-cent one, and the bike man walked away happy, not knowing that Uncle thought those mystic initials were the only letters in the alphabet.

It kind of annoyed the rest of the family to have Uncle betrayed by his creditors on the highway, but Uncle used to say that a man

afford to get it near a grindstone. If a man knows his I. O. U.'s,

By "BUGS"

he has learned his financial alphaness on the rocks.

obligations end there.

storm and got so frightened he with a long nose like his couldn't and him were joined in sacred bonds of bankruptcy and let no man put them asumder.

> Anyway, nobody ever collected anything from Uncle except a sterling request for a chew of tobacco. He must have been right, because he got the same kind of a sermon that they preach over honest men, and if the epitaph on his tombstone has any collateral in heaven, Uncle is twanging pearly

us know when you get sick. (Copyright, 1922, by Star Company.)

Contact with the Buzzing Insects

who now people the earth and

wear tailor-made Clothes, I want

either a Slug of Hootch or a Shot

in the Arm. Those who are now

revising the Universe shouldn't

rob us of our Consoler until after

they have publicly executed all

Chinless Men with Celluloid Col-

lars, all Peroxide Janes with soiled

White Shoes, all thin-legged John-

nies who smoke Medicated Cigar-

ettes, all large-eyed Commuters

with overhanging mustaches, and

various other Hazards that now

encumber the public Thoroug-

"They make it absolutely neces-

sary for us to Drink, and then go

and hide our Liquor on us. That

is why I now stand on my Hind

Legs and declare that I will obey

the 18th Amendment even if the

15th Amendment is respected

everywhere south of Chattanoo-

A roar of Protest arose, and the

fares.

### THE WAILING IN THE DESERT THE FABLE OF

NCE the Slickers residing in the wind-swept Canyons of a Great City slowly made up their minds to oppose, Tooth and Nail, something that had already taken place.

When it was tipped off to them, away back yonder in the days of Two for a Quarter and Free Ham, that a Preacher with Weak Eyes and Button Shoes was getting ready to step in between them and their Bronxes, they waxed gleeful and asked, "Is it not to Laugh?" Now the Answer had come out of the Box as follows: "Yes-it is

not." While grim-visaged War held the Center of the Stage with all the Spots on him, the fanatical Villian known as Nat. Prohi, had sneaked

on R. U. E. A short Scuffle in the Darkness, and then the Lights went up, revealing the red-handed Killer leering and triumphant, surrounded by the mangled Corpses of the foi-

lowing victims: Mr. Bacchus, J. Barleycorn, Wassail, Demon Rum, Cabarets, Close Harmony, Clambakes, Class Reunions, Table d'Hote, Welsh Rabbits, Nineteenth Hole, Versified

Toasts. For when a Temperance Tract Crystallizes into a Constitutional Amendment, it becomes an Obstruction which can neither be hopped over nor booted out of the way. You may go ahead and tell the World as much.

A good many of the Bibbers and Blotters had the Scare thrown into them long before the awful Blowoff, but how could they form for an Interference? Nearly all of the Drinkers, even

those of the most sincere and twohanded variety, regarded Grog as Side-Line and not their regular They were in favor of some one getting out an Injunction, but they themselves, personally, did not fancy the Idea of lining up in

Public with the beetle-browed

Bouncers who slopped it out in the

Dumps, and the lily-fingered

Wholesalers who prune-juiced their Poisons. They stood aside all during the yelping Warfare between the Water-Spaniels and the Rum-

They retained their Dignity as Innocent Bystanders until told that they would have to Keep House without the assistance of Plymouth, Gordon, Old Tom, or Vermouth, and then they began to act Loco.

Freedom shrieked when Maraschine fell.

Little knots of Men gathered in Side Rooms and said, in all Seriousness, "They have done it to us, but they musn't." They had a fierce Time trying to

abolish the Past Tense. No use talking Something had to be pulled!

There was occasional Mention of Beers and Light Wines, The Undercurrent of Sentiment favored a certain Light Wine made in Scotland and flavored with Smoke. Finally, the Regulars felt them-

selves pushed to the Verge of Desperation and were ready to compromise on any Potion that would move around after being taken, instead of lying quiet. They decided to Organize and put up a Battle.

It is not on Record that the South made any Headway after the Civil War in getting the Slaves back to the Quarters. Also, History tells us that fust

after Charles the First was de-

capitated, he remarked sadly. "It's all off," and made no attempt to replace his Head. Futhermore, it is related that Caesar said, just as the third Dagger passed neatly between the Ribs, "It is evident to me that

they are not playing Tag."

INDOOR SPORT.

But the poor Dill-Doll who was being burned up with Memories of moist Afternone at the Club, and whose Heart broke every time he recalled that Haig & Haig was once \$1.25, and whose Tonsils were parched, and whose Tummy looked up at him pleadingly-he was not warned by the examples of History or guided by the Rules of Logic.

He centinued to stagger acress the burning Sands, sustained by the reckless Hope that mebbe the

Heavens would open and an Angel. all clad in White, would descent and hand him a bottle of Bass'

Therefore he joined with many

others in signing a Paper which called for a Mass Meeting and a lining-up of those who believed that every Man had a right to decide whether he would merely stir it with a Long Spoon or put it in There was quite a Turnout and

many a Tale of Woe. The Chairman, in his Opening Remarks, said that the Main Issue was not a revival of the Old Query. "Is Alcohol a Food or merely the

preliminary to Rough House?"

He doubted if many of the Rep-

resentative Citizens in front of him had been Slaves of the Habit (Applause). (A Voice: "Not Slavesmerely Playmates.") The next speaker construed Recent Legislation as an irreparable Injury to the English Vocabulary and Standard Fiction. For ten Centuries the Anglo-Saxons had laboriously built up their Lexicon,

a word at a time, and had garnered a priceless Treasury of Song and Story, For generations the principal Indeer Sport of the English-Speaking Peoples had been that of sitting up to the Table to get somewhat plastered. If the 18th Amendment remained on the Books, hundreds of words new in the Dictionary would automatically become Obsolete, Nearly all of the Authors from Shakespeere

to Dickens would have to be taken from the Libraries, for they extolled and glorified a Practice which now calls for a Jail Sentence. Otherwise, coming Generations would constantly be fed upon the Propaganda that Sparkling Wine is a Boon Companion instead of a Deadly Toxin. Therefore, he dared to raise his Voice.

preserve a valuable Heritage. The foregoing was New Stuff to many of the Wets, but it was aimed in the right Direction and got a loud Hand.

not on behalf of the Distillers and

Brewers, but as one who would

Just to give a Line on how a vicious Piece of Law-Making will strike out in all Directions, certain Testimony was offered by a Tall Person with rubber-tired Glasses, introduced as a famous After-Dinner Comic.

THE "TWO IRISHMEN" STORY. "You may think that the Bar-

keepers got it worse than anyone else," he began, "but the recent Calamity put a lot more of us on the Tobog. Just before the Atrocity was perpetrated, I appeared as Head-Liner at the annual Bust-out of the Fish and Oyster Associaton, It was a Bear! They cheered me before I said a Word. The Dialect went Every Anecdete a shrick. Then, after the Kidding Stuff, a little sure-fire Gravy about the Old Flag. All of them up, waving Napkins. Many of them Weeping.

the Picture. Last week I was invited to address the National Delegates to a Hub & Spoke Convention. They looked like Representative Citizens, and I have no doubt that, with the proper Environment and Supplies available, they could have loosened up and become Human. However, a timid Committee, possibly influenced by motives of Economy, had failed to take out any Insurance. As we moved slowly in to the Banquet Hall, all we needed was some Silver Handles and White Gloves to make it a correct Imitation of the Funeral of a Brother Elk.

"Long before it came my turn. I knew I was backed up against the Wall. Even those who had brought it on the Hip early in the Eveningwere now Fast Asleep with their Eves Open.

"It was the Speech, word for word, that had torpedoed the Fish and Oyster Outfit, but now it was a Dud. The sure-fire Wheere about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike fell flat and then lay still. All the Faces were dead. Not a Wrinkle, Even the guaranteed Guff about 'Old Glory' was a Fiasco, Gentlemen, twe years age I was a Barn-Burner and now I am Chilbrain. What is more, this Noble Institution, the Ten-Dollar Banquet, has taken the Count,"

bet and is ready to launch his busi-

Uncle was a quiet man, but still waters run deep and there's plenty of mud on the bottom. The only way to have sincere mourners at your funeral is to owe them money and charity begins at home, but

Uncle used to say that his debts

promises on a golden I. O. U. Good-by, and don't forget to let

### By GEORGE ADE

two Days before the Ceremony, while surrounded by his Bachelor opened his Eyes, he would find to. Dearie! It's all over now, and

"Now it is proposed that the poor Goof shall go through the Barrage with nothing under the Belt except will probably Welsh. The result will be a gradual Decrease in the

ing person of Ruddy Hue whose Cenk had never get that way through the use of Lemon Phosphate.

ing Personal Liberty will have to be worked out in the Kitchen.

### "I am what is known as a Proamendment because he has an old-One Prominent Citizen tried to kiss fessional Best Man," began the fashioned physical Craving for an next Speaker. "My job is to get occasional Hooker out of the Tall "Now for the reverse Side of Decanter. After a long Day of

behind the Terrified Boob who has decided to take a Chance, and push him across the Line. Speaking from long Experience. I want to warn you that the Dry Wedding is going to increase the Horrors of Getting Yoked. In the old Days, the Groom would pass away about Friends, and remain in Coma during the Ordeal. When he finally Petty applying Cold Towels to the feverish Egg and saying: 'Come here we are in Atlantic City!' RACE SUICIDE FORETOLD.

Aniline Punch. I don't think the average Male is equal to it. He number of Marriages and ultimate Race Buicide," After the Hand-Clapping had subsided, there arose a stolid-look-

"I fear I am somewhat out of place in this disinterested Gathering," he said, "because I have a lewdown Confession to make. Your

Meeting collapsed into Disorder. It became evident that the Party with the Purple Beak was the only genuine Boose-Fighter present and likewise the only one who would go so far as to evade the Law. Moral: The Recipe for Preserv-

Uncle Dudley is sere on the 18th (Conveight, 1922, by Bell Syndicate, Inc.)